THE

# TOP BOOK of ALL,

FOR

## Little *Masters* and *Misses*.

CONTAINING

The choicest Stories, prettiest Poems and most diverting Riddles; all wrote by *Nurse Lovechild*, *Mother Goose*, *Jacky Nory*, *Tommy Thumb*, and other eminent Authors.

To which is added,

A NEW PLAY of the

Wide Mouth waddling FROG.

And a PRETTY POEM, to be learnt by Heart, with a Shilling at the End for every one that shall say it prettily without Book, and not miss a Word.

This Book is also enriched with curious lively Pictures, done by the top Hands; and is sold only at R. Baldwin's, and S. Crowder's, Booksellers in Pater-noster-Row, London; and at Benj. Collins's, in Salisbury.

[Price Two-pence.]

Here are

GREAT A, B, and C,
and tumble down D,
The Cat's a blind Buff,
And she cannot see.
The Cat's a blind Buff,
And she cannot see.

*A B C D*

Great E, F, and G,
Come here follow me;
And we'll jump over
The Rosemary Tree.
And we'll jump over
The Rosemary Tree.

*E F G*

Here's

Here's great H and I
With the Chriſtmas Pye.
Who'll eat the Plumbs out?
I, H, and I.
Who'll eat the Plumbs out?
I, H, and I.

I H I

Here's great K and L,
Pray, Dame, can you tell
Who put the Pig Hog
Down into the Well?
Who put the Pig Hog
Down into the Well?

K L

Here's great M and N,
Are come back again,
To bring the good Boy
A fine golden Pen.
To bring the good Boy
A fine golden Pen.

*M N*

So great O and P
Pray what do you see?
A naughty Boy whipt,
But that is not me,
A naughty Boy whipt,
But that is not me.

*O P*

Here's

Here's great Q and R
Are both come from far,
To bring you good News,
About the French War.
To bring you good News,
About the French War.

Q R

So S, T, and U,
Pray how do you do?
We thank you——the better
For seeing of you.
We thak you—the better
For seeing of you.

S T U

Here's W and X,
Good Friends do not vex,
All Things will go well,
Dear W and X.
All Things will go well,
Dear W and X.

W X

There's great Y and Z,
On a Horſe that is mad.
If you fall down, farewell,
Poor great Y and Z.
If you fall down, farewell,
Poor great Y and Z.

Y Z.

## Jacky Nory

*Telling* Tommy Thumb *a Story.*

Little, pretty, Jacky Nory,
Telling Tommy Thumb a Story,
How he's gotten into Breeches,
And his Pockets full of Riches,

And how he ſhall on Cock-horſe
ride,
With Sword and Gun girt by his
Side,
And that he will with his great
Gun,
Kill all the French when they
do run,
And with his Sword he will them
cut,
As ſmall as Herbs for Porridge
Pot;
Nay more he vows, and which
is worſe;
He'll cut them ſmaller than a
Horſe,
And with one Blow cut off a
Head,
And ſend the Backſide for to beg.

But

But pray, says Tom, first kill
that Mouse,
That eats my Cakes, and stinks
the House.
Not I, says Jack, Lud, how it
frights,
Let's run away before it bites.

*Nurse* Lovechild's *Story of*
JACKY NORY.

I'll tell you a Story, of Jacky
Nory,
Will you have it now or anon?
I will tell you another, of Jack
and his Brother,
And now my Story's done.

*Two Sticks and an Apple.*

Two Sticks and an Apple,
Say the Bells at Whitechapel:

Old

Old Father Bald Pate,
Say the Bells at Aldgate:
Maids in white Aprons,
Say the Bells at St. Catherine's:
You owe me ten Shillings,
Say the Bells at St. Hellens:
When will you pay me?
Say the Bells at the Old Bailey:
When I am rich,
Say the Bells at Shoreditch:
When will that be?
Say the Bells at Stepney:
I do not know,
Says the great Bell at Bow.

*There were three jovial Welſhmen.*

There were three jovial *Welſhmen*,
As I have heard many ſay,
And they would go a hunting
Upon St. David's Day;

All

All the Day they hunted,
And nothing they could find;
But a Ship a ſailing,
A ſailing with the Wind:
One ſaid it was a Ship,
The other ſaid it nay:
The third ſaid it was a Houſe,
And the Chimney blown away.
Then all the Night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But the Moon a gliding,
A gliding with the Wind:
One ſaid it was a Moon,
The other ſaid it nay;
The third ſaid it was a Cheeſe,
And Half on't cut away.

*There was a mad Man.*

There was a mad Man
And he had a mad Wife,
And they liv'd in a mad Lane;
They had three Children
All at a Birth,
And they were mad
Every one.
The Father was mad,
The Mother was mad,
The Children all mad beſide;
And they all got
Upon a mad Horſe,
And madly they did ride.

*There was a little Man.*

There was a little Man
And he had a little Gun,
And the Ball was made of Lead;

He

He went unto the Brook,
To ſhoot at a Duck,
And he hit her upon the Head;
Then he went home,
Unto his Wife Joan,
To bid her a good Fire make;
To roaſt the Duck,
That ſwam in the Brook,
And he wou'd go fetch her the Drake.

*The Sow came in with a Saddle.*

The Sow came in with a Saddle,
The little Pig rock'd the Cradle,
The Diſh jump'd a top of the Table,
To ſee the Pot ſwallow the Ladle,

The

The Spit that ſtood behind the
Door,
Call'd the Diſhclout dirty Whore.
Odſplut, ſays the Gridiron,
Can't ye agree?
I'm the Head Conſtable,
Bring 'em to me.

## *The wiſe Man of Thiſtlewerth.*

There was a Man of *Thiſtlewerth*,
And he was wond'rous wiſe;
He jump'd into a Bramble Buſh,
And ſcratcht out both his Eyes:
And when he ſaw his Eyes were
out,
With all his Might and Main,
He jump'd into a quick-ſet Hedge,
And ſcratcht them in again.

*The*

*The Play of the Wide-mouth waddling* FROG, *to amuse the Mind, and exercise the Memory.*

*Question.* Buy this of me.
*Answer.* What is it?

The gaping Wide-mouth waddling Frog.

*Question.* Buy this of me.
*Answer.* What is it?

Two Puddings Ends that will choak a Dog,
With the gaping Wide-mouth waddling Frog.

Four

*Question.* Buy this of me.
*Answer.* What is it?

Three Monkies tied to a Clog,
Two Puddings Ends that will choak a Dog,
With the gaping Wide-mouth waddling Frog.

*Question.* Buy this of me.
*Answer.* What is it?

Four Mares ſtuck in a Bog,
Three Monkies tied to a Clog,
Two Puddings Ends that will choak a Dog,
With the gaping Wide-mouth waddling Frog.

Five

*Question.* Buy this of me.
*Answer.* What is it?

Five Puppies by our Bitch *Ball*,
Who daily for their Breakfasts call;
Four Mares stuck in a Bog,
Three Monkies tied to a Clog;
Two Puddings Ends that will choak a Dog,
With the gaping Wide-mouth waddling Frog.

*Question.* Buy this of me.
*Answer.* What is it?

Six Beetles againſt a Wall,
Cloſe by an old Woman's Apple-
Stall;
Five Puppies by our Bitch *Ball*,
Who daily for their Breakfaſts
call;
Four Mares ſtuck in a Bog,
Three Monkies tied to a Clog,
Two

Two Puddings Ends that will
choak a Dog,
With the gaping Wide-mouth
waddling Frog.

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*Question.* Buy this of me.
*Answer.* What is it?

Seven Lobsters in a Dish,
As good as any Heart cou'd wish:

Six Beetles againſt a Wall,
Cloſe by an old Woman's Apple-
Stall;
Five Puppies by our Bitch *Ball*,
Who daily for their Breakfaſts
call;
Four Mares ſtuck in a Bog,
Three Monkies tied to a Clog,
Two Puddings Ends that will
choak a Dog,
With the gaping wide Mouth
waddling Frog.

Eight Joiners in a Joiner's Hall,
Working with their Tools and all;
Seven Lobsters in a Diſh,
As good as any Heart could wiſh;
Six Beetles againſt a Wall,
Cloſe by an old Woman's Apple-
Stall;
Five Puppies by our Bitch *Ball*,
Who daily for their Breakfaſts
call;

Four Mares ſtuck in a Bog,
Three Monkies tied to a Clog,
Two Puddings Ends that will
choak a Dog,
With the gaping Wide-mouth
waddling Frog,

Nine Peacocks in the Air,
I wonder how they all got there,
I dont't know, nor I don't care;
Right

Eight Joiners in a Joiner's Hall,
Working with their Tools and all;
Seven Lobſters in a Diſh,
As good as any Heart cou'd wiſh;
Six Beetles againſt a Wall,
Cloſe by an old Woman's Apple-
Stall;
Five Puppies by our Bitch *Ball*,
Who daily for their Breakfaſts
call;
Four Mares ſtuck in a Bog,
Three Monkies tied to a Clog,
Two Puddings Ends that will
choak a Dog,
With the gaping Wide-mouth
waddling Frog.

Ten Conſtellations in the Sky,
Some low and ſome high;
Nine Peacocks in the Air,
I wonder how they all got there,
I don't know nor I don't care;
Eight Joiners in a Joiner's Hall,
Working with their Tools and all;
Seven Lobſters in a Diſh,
As good as any Heart cou'd wiſh;

Six,

Six Beetles againſt a Wall,
Cloſe by an old Woman's Apple-
Stall;
Five Puppies by our Bitch *Ball*,
Who daily for their Breakfaſts
call;
Four Mares ſtuck in a Bog,
Three Monkies tied to a Clog,
Two Puddings End that will
choak a Dog,
With the gaping Wide mouth
waddling Frog.

Eleven

Eleven Ships ſailing on the Main,
Somebound for *France* and ſome
for *Spain*;
Ten Conſtellations in the Sky,
Some low and ſome high;
Nine Peacocks in the Air,
I wonder how they all got there,
I don't know, nor I don't care;

Eight

Eight Joiners in a Joiner's Hall,
Working with their Tools and all;
Seven Lobſters in a Diſh,
As good as any Heart cou'd wiſh;
Six Beetles againſt a Wall,
Cloſe by an old Woman's Apple-Stall;
Five Puppies by our Bitch *Ball*,
Who daily for their Breakfaſts call;
Four Mares ſtuck in a Bog,
Three Monkies tied to a Clog,
Two Puddings Ends that will choak a Dog,
With the gaping Wide-mouth waddling Frog.

A Man

A Man and twelve Hounds,
A hunting in mine and another
Man's Grounds;
Eleven Ships ſailing on the Main,
Some bound for *France* and ſome
for *Spain*;
Ten Conſtellations in the Sky,
Some low and ſome high;

Nine

Nine Peacocks in the Air,
I wonder how they all got there;
I dont't know, nor I don't care.
Eight Joiners in a Joiner's Hall,
Working with their Tools and all;
Seven Lobsters in a Dish,
As good as any Heart cou'd wish;
Six Beetles against a Wall,
Close by an old Woman's Apple-Stall;
Five Puppies by our Bitch *Ball*,
Who daily for their Breakfasts call;
Four Mares stuck in a Bog,
Three Monkies tied to a Clog,
Two Puddings Ends that will choak a Dog,
With the gaping Wide-mouth waddling Frog.

An

*An entertaining* RIDDLE, *that may be solved by only looking at the Picture on the other Side.*

What Prophet is that, who is neither a wandering Jew, nor an old Levite, nor St. John, as some think him; who never wore a Hat, and goes barefoot like an old Friar.

His Beard is red as Scarlet; his Coat was neither knit, wove nor spun, and though of various Colours, never dyed.

He drinks nothing but Water, his Diet is plain and moderate, and his Language is understood by all Nations.

He careth not for the Pomps and Vanities of the World, for he

he had rather lodge in a Barn than a Palace; and prefers a single Grain of Corn to the richeſt Diamond.

He was with Noah in the Ark, and with our Saviour Chriſt a little before he was crucified.

His Voice is ſhrill and loud; he once preached a Sermon that convinced a good Man he had done wrong, and drew Tears from his Eyes.

He propheſies that the Day of the Lord is at Hand, and at his Prophecy the Doors and Windows fly open.

He is innocent and harmleſs, and affords us Pleaſure and Profit; but notwithſtanding all this, he is once a year moſt ſhamefully

treated,

treated, and ſet up for a Mark to be thrown at with Sticks and Stones, by a cruel unthinking Mob, which all good Boys will ſhun, and cry ſhame at ſuch a barbarous and unmanly Practice.

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RIDDLE II.

Without a Bridle, or a Saddle,
A-croſs a Thing I ride and ſtraddle;
And thoſe I ride, by help of me,
Though almoſt blind, are made to ſee.

RIDDLE III.

My Body is thin,
And has no Guts within;
I have neither Head, Face nor an Eye;

But a Tail I have got,
That's as long as—what not,
And without any Wings I can
fly.

## Riddle IV.

Since the World firſt began,
I was never once ſeen,
Though every one knows
In their Preſence I've been;
No ſooner I'm born,
Than I give a loud Cry,
And your Noſes inform ye,
I preſently die.

## Riddle V.

Two monſtrous Eyes
I'm known to have,
Each void of human Sight;

Yet

Yet when with Judgment
I am uſed,
I always mend the Light.

## RIDDLE VI.

When firſt my Maker form'd me
to his Mind,
He gave me Eyes, but left me
dark and blind;
He form'd a Noſe, but left me
without Smell;
A Mouth, but neither Voice nor
Tongue to tell
The World my Uſe, yet oft the
Fair thro' me,
(Although I hide the Face) do
plainly ſee.

## Riddle VII.

From whence I came 'tis hard to
tell;
But this I'm sure is known full
well;
That naughty Boys for me do
cry;
For me the Dunce to School doth
hie;
That with the Poor I always stay,
And am what Misers give away.

## Riddle VIII.

E'er Adam was, my early Days
began,
I ape each Creature, and resem-
ble Man;

I gently

I gently paſs o'er Tops of tender
Graſs,
Nor leave the leaſt Impreſſion
where I paſs;
I'm ſeen each Day; if not, be-
ſure at Night,
You'll quickly find me out by
Candle Light.

## Riddle IX.

Although I'm a brazen fac'd
Sharper at beſt,
No Lady without me can ever
be dreſt;
When I'm wanted, I'm dragg'd
by the Head to my Duty;
And am doom'd to be Slave to
the Dreſs of a Beauty.

## Riddle X.

I am confin'd within a narrow Space,
Where I have only Room to ſhew my Face;
I twice a Day repeat the ſelf ſame Thing,
Yet do each Moment freſh Advices bring;
Tho' hard my Labour, yet my Hands move ſlow,
And tho' I never ſtir, I always go.

## Riddle XI.

I have no Eyes, and yet my Noſe is long;
I have no Mouth, and yet my Breath is ſtrong;

When

When Guts do grumble, and I
must break Wind,
I always do't before, and not
behind.
What all consumes best pleases
me;
I covet that which others flee.
Strange Thing to tell, unhurt I
lie,
And live where all the World
wou'd die.

ÆNIGMA *from the* French.
*By a young Lady.*

Think not that I flatter crown'd Heads more than Cottages.

I serve to correct the Defects of others, yet am incapable of discerning them.

I never

I never ſpeak, yet always give Advice when any Body pleaſes to conſult me.

It often happens that when I tell Truth, they believe me not, and I am always believed when I flatter.

The faireſt Part of the World makes uſe of me to conquer the other Part; and my Lot is ſo ſurpriſing, that in Deſtruction I find myſelf multiplied.

SOLUTION *of the above* ÆNIGMA. *By* Clio.

When to puzzle us, *Sylvia*, by Riddle you thought,
You ſurely conſulted your ſpeechleſs Adviſer;
'Twas

'Twas your Mirrour, tho' senseless itself of a Fault,
You applied to, to make you both fairer and wiser.——
Tho' its Truths may be scorn'd, and its Falsehoods believ'd,
Tho' your Sex to gain Conquests o'er ours may employ it;
If in Anger you break it, you'll still be deceived,
For the Image redoubles as you seek to destroy it.

[A Looking-Glass.]

Tale

## *Tale of the* THREE WISHES.

THERE was once a Man, not very rich, who had a pretty Woman to his Wife. One Winter's Evening, as they sat by their Fire, they talked of the Happiness of their Neighbours, who were richer than they. Said the Wife, if it were in my Power to have what I wish, I should soon be happier than all of them; So should I too, said the Husband; I wish we had Fairies now, and that one of them was kind enough to grant me what I should ask. At that Instant, they saw a very beautiful Lady in their Room, who told them, I am a Fairy;

Fairy; and I promiſe to grant you the three firſt Things you ſhall wiſh; but take Care, after having wiſhed for three Things, I will not grant any Thing farther. The Fairy diſappeared, and the Man and his Wife were much perplexed. For my own Part, ſaid the Wife, if it is left to my Choice, I know very well what I ſhall wiſh for: I do not wiſh yet, but I think nothing is ſo good as to be handſome, rich, and to be of great Quality. But the Huſband anſwered, with all theſe Things one may be ſick, fretful, and one may die young; it would be much wiſer to wiſh for Health, Chearfulneſs, and a long Life. But to what Purpoſe

is

is a long Life with Poverty ? ſays the Wife. 'Twould only prolong Miſery. In truth, the Fairy ſhould have promiſed us a Dozen of Gifts, for there's, at leaſt, a Dozen Things which I ſhould want. That's true, ſaid the Huſband, but let us take Time, let us conſider, from this Time 'till Morning, the three Things which are moſt neceſſary for us, and then wiſh. I'll think all Night, ſaid the Wife, mean while let us warm ourſelves, for it is very cold. At the ſame Time, the Wife took the Tongs to mend the Fire, and ſeeing there was a great many Coals thoroughly lighted, ſhe ſaid, without thinking on it ; here's a nice

Fire,

Fire, I wiſh we had a Yard of Black-pudding for our Supper, we could dreſs it eaſily. She had hardly ſaid theſe Words, when down came tumbling through the Chimney a Yard of Black-pudding; Plague on greedy Guts, with the Black-pudding, ſaid the Huſband. Here's a fine Wiſh indeed, now we have only two left; for my Part, I am ſo vexed that I wiſh the Black-pudding faſt to the Tip of your Noſe. The Man ſoon perceived, that he was ſillier than his Wife; for, at this ſecond Wiſh, up ſtarts the Black-pudding, and ſticks ſo faſt to the Tip of the poor Wife's Noſe, that there was no Means to take it off. Wretch that I am! cried

cried she; you are a wicked Man for wishing the Pudding fast to my Nose. My Dear, answered the Husband, I vow I did not think of it; but what shall we do? I am about wishing for vast Riches, and propose to make a Golden Case to hide the Pudding. Not at all, answered the Wife, for I should kill myself, were I to live with this Pudding dangling at my Nose; be persuaded; we have still a Wish to make; leave it to me, or I shall instantly throw myself out of the Window; with this she ran, and opened the Window; but the Husband, who loved his Wife, called out, Hold, my dear Wife, I give you leave to wish for what

you will. Well, ſaid the Wife, my Wiſh is, that this Pudding may drop off. At that Inſtant, the Pudding dropt off, and the Wife, who did not want Wit, ſaid to her Huſband, the Fairy has impoſed upon us; ſhe was in the Right, poſſibly we ſhould have been more unhappy with Riches, than we are at preſent. Believe me, Friend, let us wiſh for nothing, and take Things as it ſhall pleaſe God to ſend them; in the mean Time, let us ſup upon our Pudding, ſince that's all that remains to us of our Wiſhes. The Huſband thought his Wife judged right, they ſupped merrily, and never gave them-

themſelves farther Trouble about the Things they had deſigned to wiſh for.

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*Story of Miſs* JULY.

WHILST her Mamma was at *Paris*, ſhe was acquainted with a Lady who had a Daughter, called Miſs July. Miſs July is the beſt tempered Creature in the World, ſhe never hurt any body, not even Beaſts; and ſhe is uneaſy when ſhe ſees a Fly killed. One Day, as Miſs July was taking the Air, ſhe ſaw a poor Dog that ſome little Boys were dragging along with a String to throw him into

the River; the poor Dog was very ugly, and all over Dirt: July took Pity on it, and said to the little Boys, I will give you a Shilling, if you will give me that little Dog. Her Waiting-Maid said, what will you do with this Dog? it is an ugly Creature. That is true, said July, but it is unfortunate; if I forsake it, no body will have Pity on it. She had the Dog washed, and put it in her Coach; when she returned Home all the Family laughed at her; but that has not hindered her from keeping this poor Creature for these three Years past. About a Week ago, when she was a bed, and just falling a-sleep, her Dog jumped upon her Bed

and

and began to pull her by the Sleeve; it kept barking so loud, that she awaked, and having a Lamp in her Chamber, she saw that her Dog, whilst he kept barking, looked under the Bed. July being frightened, ran and opened the Door and called the Servants, who by good Luck, were not yet gone to Bed. They came into her Chamber and found under the Bed a Thief, who had concealed himself there with a Dagger; and the Thief own'd that he intended to have killed Miss in the Night, to take away her Diamonds: but her good and faithful Dog saved her Life

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*Story of the unfortunate Parent.*

THERE was an unfortunate Parent, who had only one Son, and this Monſter reſolved to take away his Father's Life. He intruſted with this wicked Deſign a Servant, who had been, to that Day, Aſſiſtant to him in ſtealing from his Father; but this Man, ſtruck with Horror at the impious Propoſal, went and threw himſelf at the Father's Feet, and revealed the Deſign of his Son. The old Gentleman ſeemingly diſſembled this horrible Secret, and told his Son, he would take him into the Country to ſee a beautiful and rich young Lady, that he deſigned

ſigned for his Wife. They were to paſs though a very dangerous Foreſt frequented by Robbers. They were now got into the Middle of the Wood, when the Father ordered his Son to alight from his Horſe. Then ſaid he to him, I have diſcovered the horrible Deſign you have formed to take away my Life. You are for taking away the few Days I have to live; but, Child, have you conſidered the Conſequences of this Action? This Crime, if diſcovered, would bring you to a Scaffold, there to loſe your Life by the Hand of the Executioner. My Intent in bringing you hither, was to ſave you from ſuch a diſaſtrous End; and here you may, with

all Security, puſh your Sword through your Father's Heart. Here, ſays the old Man, preſenting his Son with a Dagger, and opening his Breaſt, ſtrike, ſtrike home, and puniſh me for having bred ſuch a Monſter. I ſhall have the Comfort, at leaſt, of ſecuring your Life and Honour, by dying in this lonely Place. Perhaps ſome Day you may remember the Kindneſs of a Parent, and moved by this laſt Token thereof, you may come to lament this Parricide. You make no doubt, Children, that the Son, wicked as he was, found himſelf in the greateſt Confuſion at this Speech of his Father; he repented ſincerely, and on his

Knees begged his Father's Pardon, and became as good a Man as he had been a wicked one before.

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## *Story of the* TRAVELLER *and* LION.

THERE was a Traveller, who loſt himſelf in a Foreſt; it was almoſt Night, and having ſpied a Den, he went in to ſtay till the next Day; but a Moment afterwards, he ſaw a Lion coming towards the Den. The Man was in a great Fright, and thought that the Lion was going to eat him up. The Lion walked on three Feet, and held up the fourth; he came thus to the Traveller, and ſhewed him his

his Paw, in which there was a large Thorn; the Man took out the Thorn, and having torn his Pocket Handkerchief, wrapped the Lions Paw in it. This Animal, by Way of thanking him, fawned upon him like a Dog, did him no Harm, and the next Day the Man went his Way. Some Years after, the Man, for some Crime he had committed, was condemned to be torn by wild Beasts; when he was in a Place called the *Arena*, they let out against him a furious Lion, which, at first, run at him to devour him, but when he came near the Man, he stopt to look at him, and knowing him to be the same, who had taken the Thorn

Thorn out of his Foot, he went up to him, moving his Head and Tail, to ſhew the Pleaſure he had in ſeeing him again. The Emperor was very much ſurpriſed at this Sight, and having ordered the Man to be brought to him, he aſked him, if he knew the Lion; the Criminal gave him an Account of the Adventure, and the Emperor pardoned him.

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*The* SLUGGARD, *a Prize Poem. Every little Boy and Girl who ſhall ſay this Poem by Heart, are to have the* NEW SHILLING *at the End of the Book for their Trouble.*

'TIS the Voice of the *Sluggard*, I heard him complain,
*You have waked me too ſoon, I muſt ſlumber again.* As

As the Door on its Hinges, so he on his Bed,
Turns his Sides, and his Shoulders, and his heavy Head.

II.

*A little more Sleep, and a little more Slumber;*
Thus he wastes half his Days, and his Hours without Number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his Hands,
Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.

III.

I pass'd by his Garden, and saw the wild Briar,
The Thorn and the Thistle grow broader and higher.

The

The Cloaths that hang on him
are turning to Rags;
And his Money ſtill waſtes, till
he ſtarves, or he begs.

IV.

I made him a Viſit, ſtill hoping
to find,
He had took better Care for im-
proving his Mind:
He told me his Dreams, talk'd
of Eating and Drinking;
But he ſcarce reads his Bible, and
never loves thinking.

V.

Said I then to my Heart, *Here's*
*a Leſſon for me*;
That Man's but a Picture of
what I might be.

But

But Thanks to my Friends for
their Care of my Breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love
Working and Reading.

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*The* Cobler's *Song.*

Of all the Trades from East to West
The Cobler's past contending;
In Time he's like to prove the best
Who every Day is mending.

How great his Praise, who can
amend
The Souls of all his Neighbours;
He's ne'er unmindful of his End,
Still at his Last he labours.

F I N I S.

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